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CAB
FAY

DAREDEVIL[®]

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



**BY DEMONS
DELUGED!**

JRJR
&
AW



HOW DOES A MAN FIND THE
STRENGTH TO WALK THROUGH
A TERMINAL WINTER?

HOW DOES A FLOWER FIND
ITS WAY THROUGH ICE
AND SNOW?

THERE IS ONE THING EVEN
THE DEVIL HIMSELF CAN'T
TOUCH: **SPRIT.**

FLOWERS WERE MEANT TO
SURVIVE. LIFE HAS A BLIND
FAITH IN ITSELF, EVEN IN
HELL, BECAUSE--

HEAVEN IS KNOWING WHO YOU ARE

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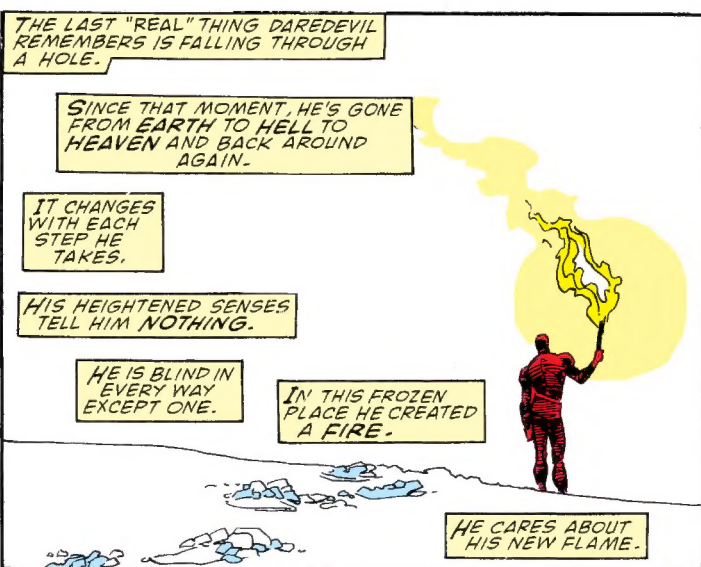


DAREDEVIL IS BLIND.

IS BLINDNESS A FLAW?

SOMETIMES, FLAWS TURN OUT TO BE STRENGTHS.

BLINDMEN ARE FOCUSED TO SEE INWARD.



THE LAST "REAL" THING DAREDEVIL REMEMBERS IS FALLING THROUGH A HOLE.

SINCE THAT MOMENT, HE'S GONE FROM EARTH TO HELL TO HEAVEN AND BACK AROUND AGAIN.

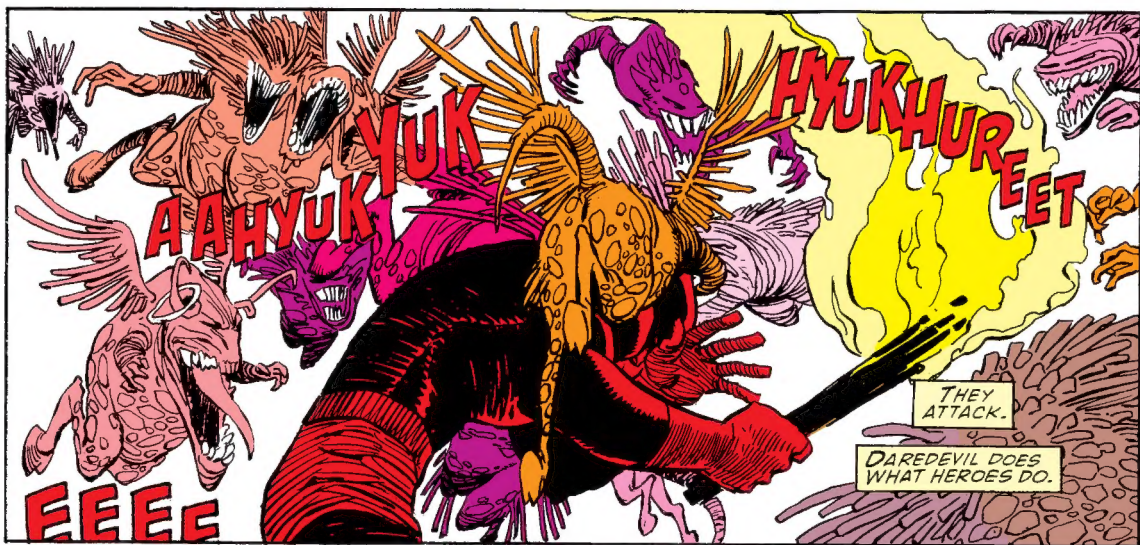
IT CHANGES WITH EACH STEP HE TAKES.

HIS HEIGHTENED SENSES TELL HIM NOTHING.

HE IS BLIND IN EVERY WAY EXCEPT ONE.

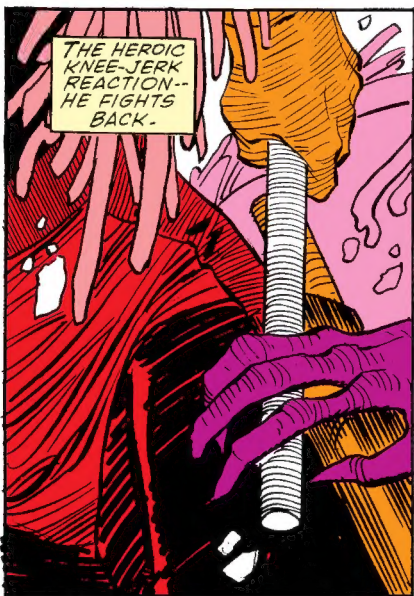
IN THIS FROZEN PLACE HE CREATED A FIRE.

HE CARES ABOUT HIS NEW FLAME.



THEY ATTACK.

DAREDEVIL DOES WHAT HEROES DO.



THE HEROIC KNEE-JERK REACTION-- HE FIGHTS BACK.



NOBODY'S PERFECT.

NUMBER NINE FELL
THROUGH THE SAME
HOLE.

NOW, SHE'S GETTING A FUTURISTIC
MANICURE AND A VICTORIAN STRAIT-
JACKET CORSET, AMONG OTHER
BEAUTY TORTURES.

SHE'S A
FASHION
VICTIM.

THIS "PERFECT"
WOMAN WAS
GENETICALLY
CRAFTED IN A
LABORATORY
CREATED BY A
MAN. A POST-
MOD PYGMALION.

"BEAUTY"
IS HER
NIGHTMARE.

ESPECIALLY
WHEN SHE
WAKES UP.

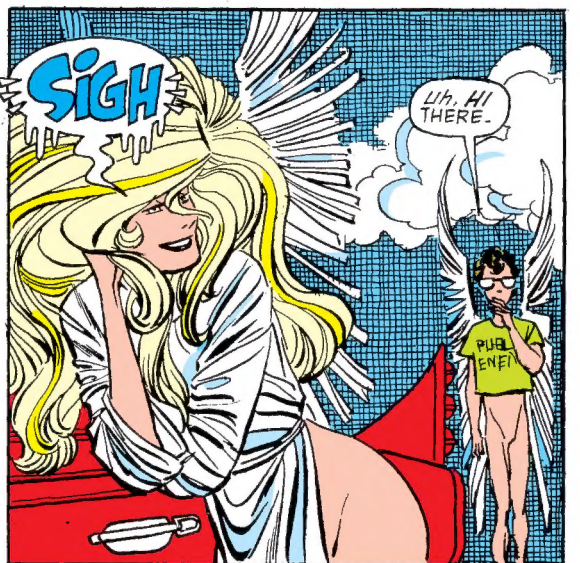
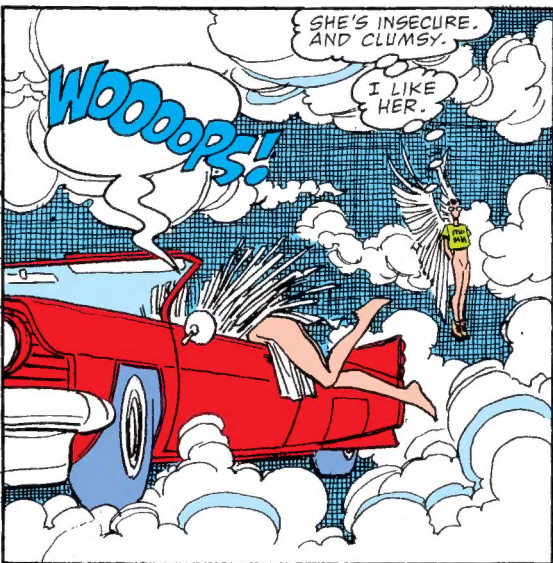
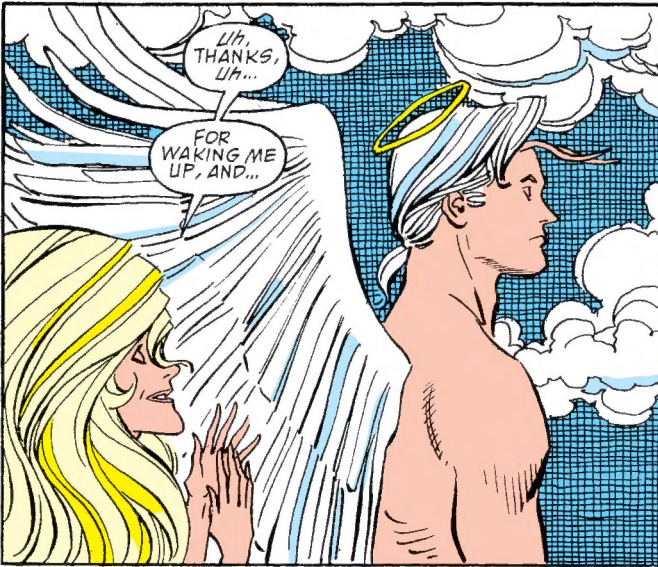
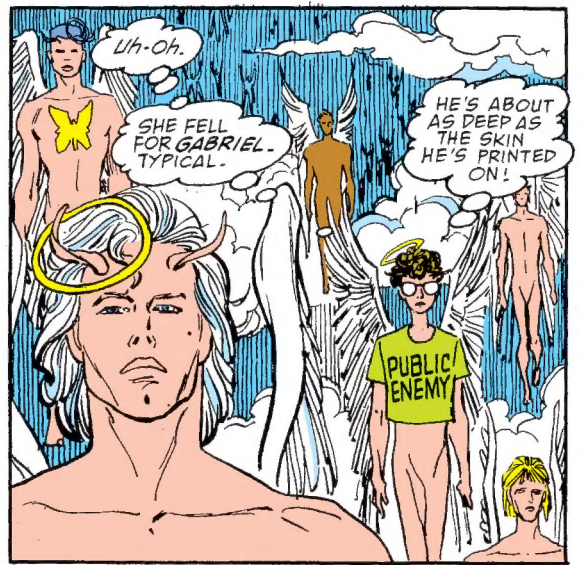
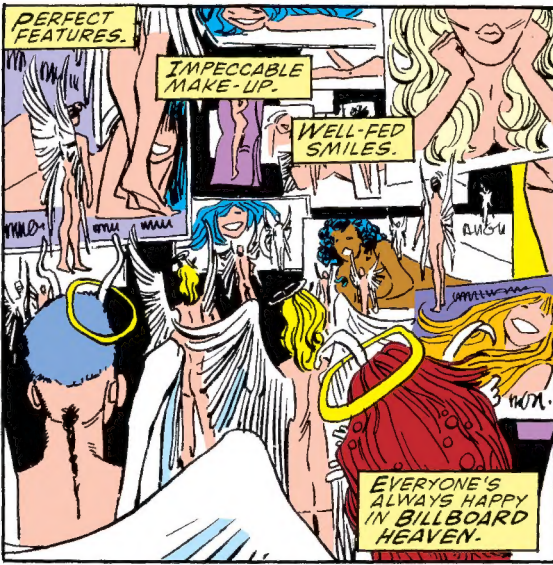
BAD
DREAM?

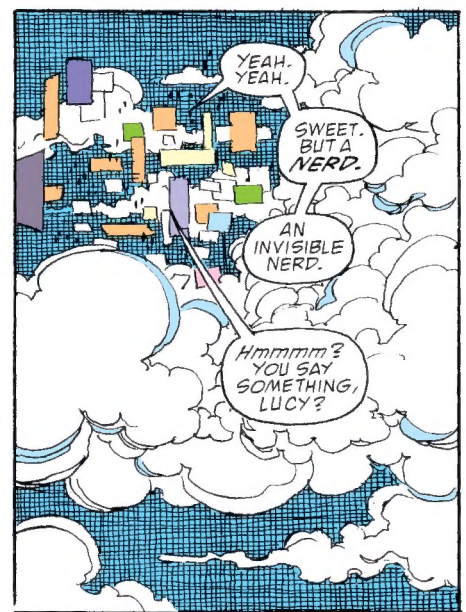
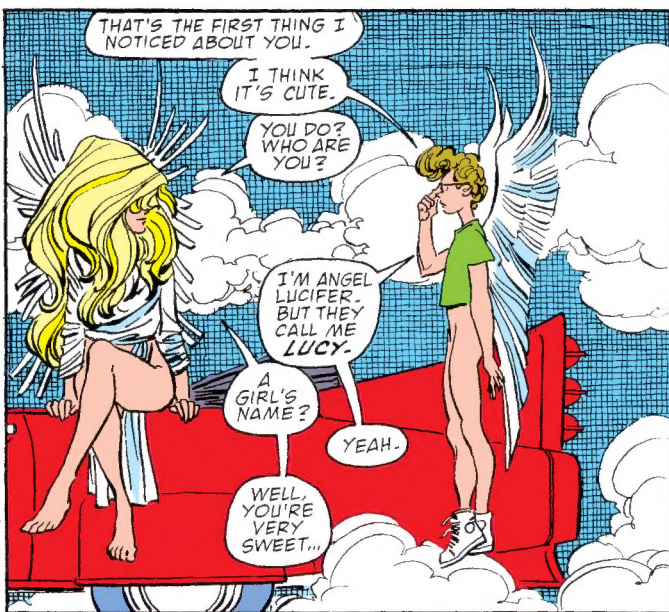
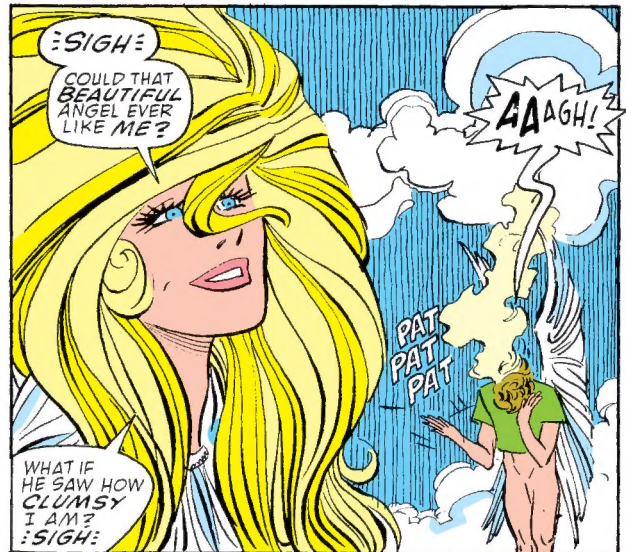
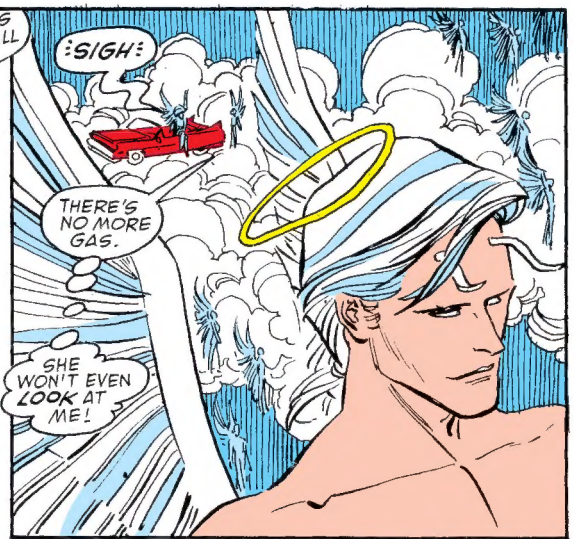
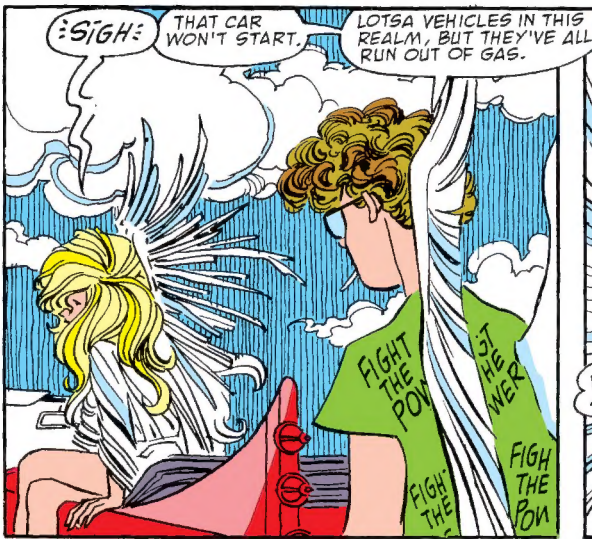
Mmpnghp?!

THERE.
ALL
BETTER.

I KISSED
THE BAD
THINGS
AWAY.

Oh.







KARNAK
AND
GORGON.

THEY CALLED THEMSELVES
INHUMANS. THEY LIVED ON
THE MOON. THEY KNEW
WHO THEY WERE.

BUT THEY LOST THEIR
COSTUMES AND THEIR
HOME AND ALL THE
TRIMMINGS THEY
IDENTIFIED THEM-
SELVES BY.

THEN THEY MET
HER, AN ANGEL
WITH HORNS.
OR DEVIL WITH
WINGS. OR
HUMAN WITH
BOTH.

AND THEY
DON'T KNOW
WHO THEY
ARE ANY-
MORE.

NOT
HUNGRY,
BOYS?



LOOK
AROUND
YOU.

A REMBRANDT
PAINTING?

A SCULPTURE
BY RODIN.

THE BEST
OF EVERY-
THING!

VINTAGE WINES,
THE FINEST MUSIC, THE
GREATEST LITERATURE,
THE MOST TRANSCEN-
DENTAL CREATIONS
OF MAN.

ENJOY!



ALL YOU **ELITISTS** ARE ALIKE!
YOU SIT IN YOUR PRIVILEGED
CABALS WITH YOUR SUPERIOR
OBJECTS, BELIEVING YOU'RE
THE HEIGHT OF CIVILIZATION!

WELL, YOU'RE **SELFISH**!
DON'T YOU CARE ABOUT
THE **POOR** DYING ON
YOUR DOORSTEP? DON'T
YOU EVER **SHARE**?!

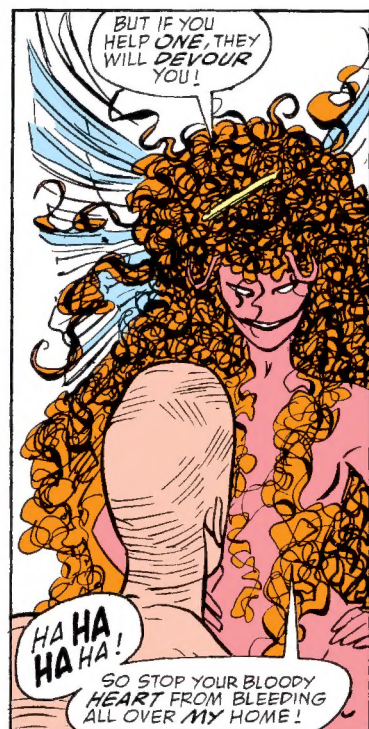


OH, MY! WHAT A
BLEEDING HEART
YOU HAVE!

HOW
MESSY!

YOU MEAN
THOSE
WHINING,
WAILERS
OUTSIDE?

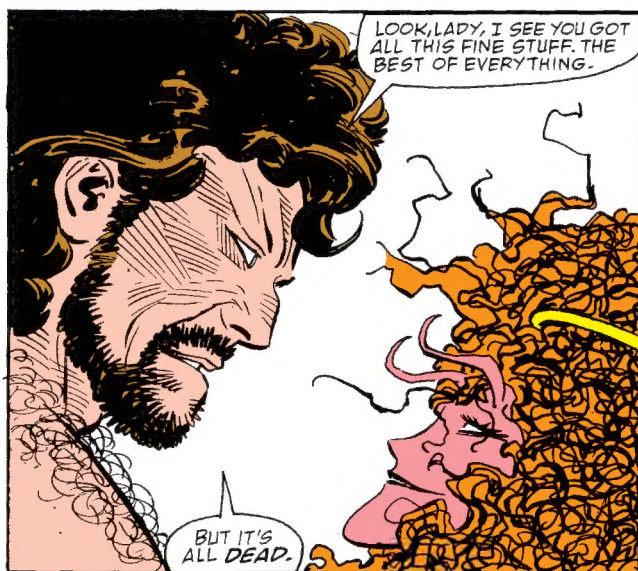
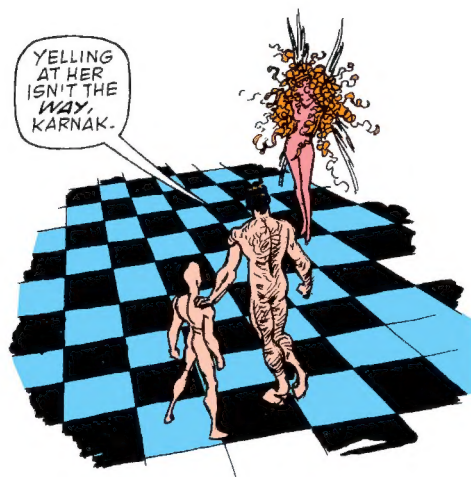
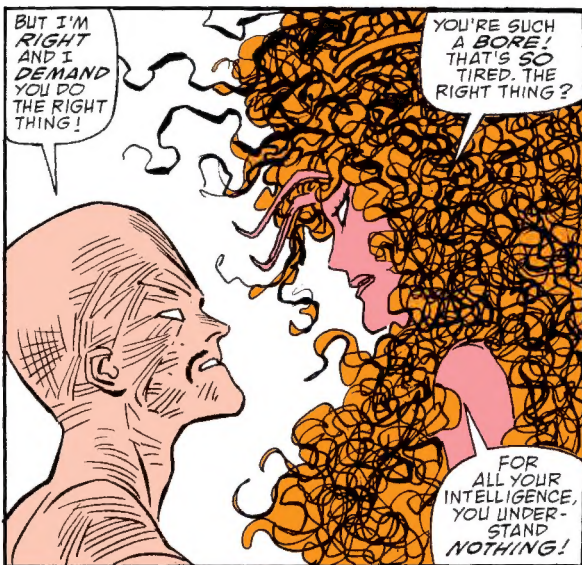
THOSE
MASSES USED TO
BOTHER ME AND
BEG FOR FOOD.



BUT IF YOU
HELP **ONE**, THEY
WILL **DEVOUR**
YOU!

HA HA
HA HA!

SO STOP YOUR BLOODY
HEART FROM BLEEDING
ALL OVER **MY** HOME!



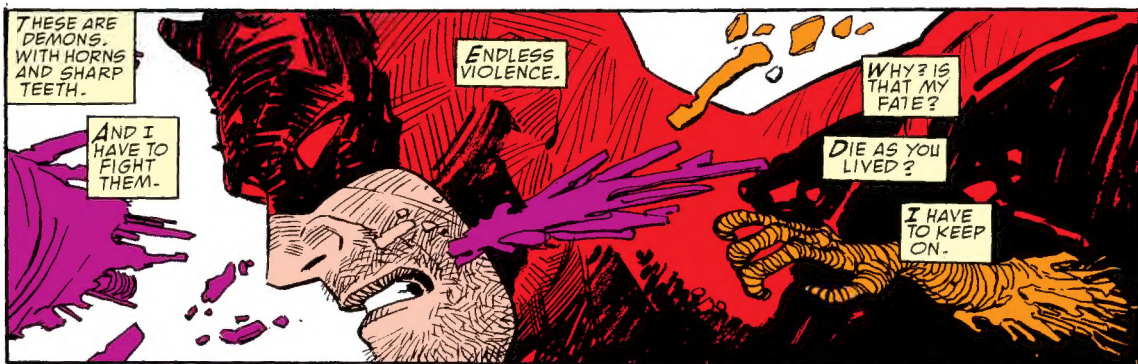
BLIK SKNCH GNEH VOK





WHERE
AM I?

WHAT AM I
DOING?



THESE ARE DEMONS.
WITH HORNS
AND SHARP
TEETH.

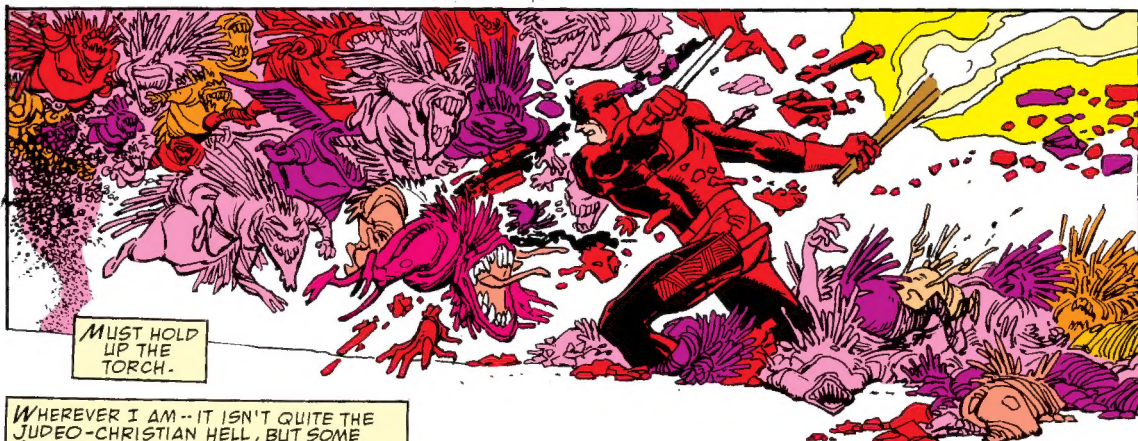
AND I
HAVE TO
FIGHT
THEM.

ENDLESS
VIOLENCE.

WHY? IS
THAT MY
FATE?

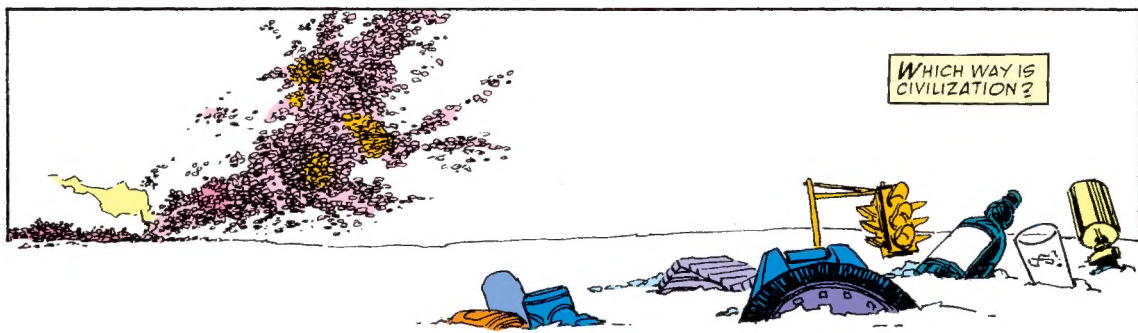
DIE AS YOU
LIVED?

I HAVE
TO KEEP
ON.

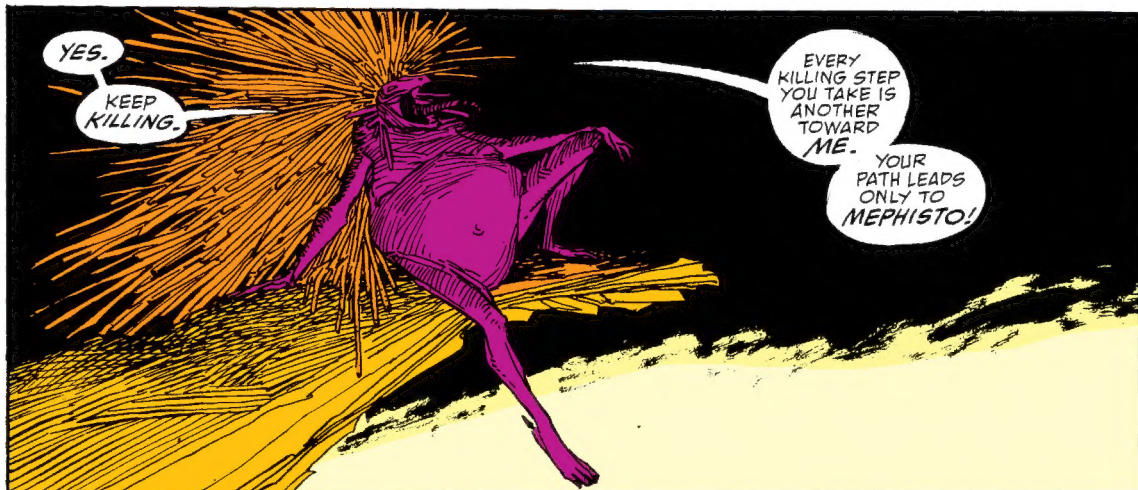


MUST HOLD
UP THE
TORCH.

WHEREVER I AM--IT ISN'T QUITE THE
JUDEO-CHRISTIAN HELL, BUT SOME
SORT OF NETHERWORLD, UNDER-REALM,
HADES...



WHICH WAY IS
CIVILIZATION?



YES.

KEEP
KILLING.

EVERY
KILLING STEP
YOU TAKE IS
ANOTHER
TOWARD
ME.

YOUR
PATH LEADS
ONLY TO
MEPHISTO!

A BOY, A GIRL AND AN ANGEL...

CAREFUL,
POPE. DON'T
SLIP.

WE'LL
GO TO THE NEXT
LEDGE AND
PLAN FROM
THERE.

WE FELL THROUGH
A HOLE IN THE EARTH,
SO IT'S REASONABLE
TO ASSUME UP
IS THE WAY
OUT.

BRANDY?

THIS
PLACE, AND
HOW YOU
GOT HERE,
IS
ILLOGICAL.

WHAT?

SO?

PERHAPS
THE
ANSWER
TO THE
WAY OUT
IS ALSO
ILLOGICAL.

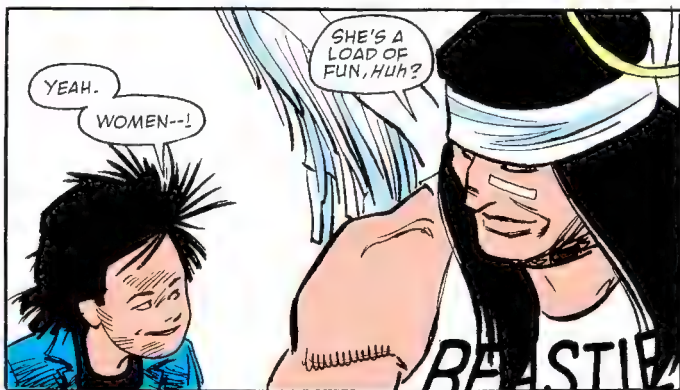
YEAH!
LIKE, LOOK
AT ALL THESE
GODHEADS.
IF WE'RE
CLIMBING A
TOWER OF
GODS, WE
AIN'T ON
OUR WAY TO
EARTH!

POPE, THAT'S
RIDICULOUS!

I'VE NO TIME
FOR NEW AGE
MYSTIC BUNKO
TALK.



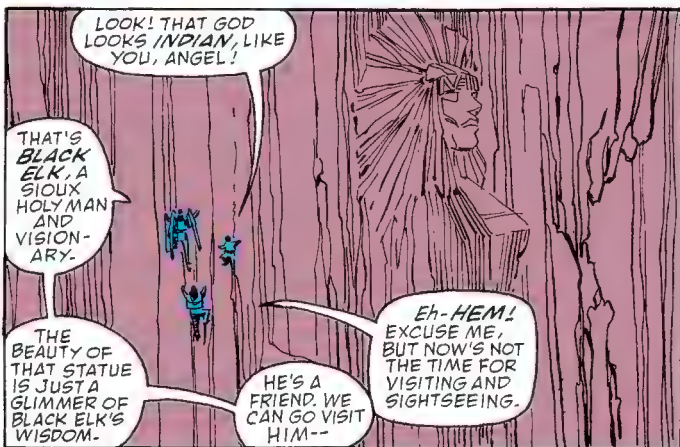
NOW, WE'LL
FIGURE OUT THE
LIGHT SOURCE,
THE SUN'S
POSITION,
AND--



YEAH.

WOMEN--!

SHE'S A
LOAD OF
FUN, HUH?



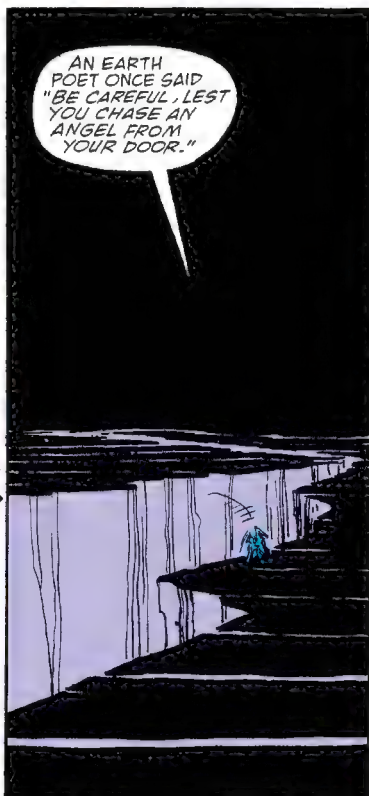
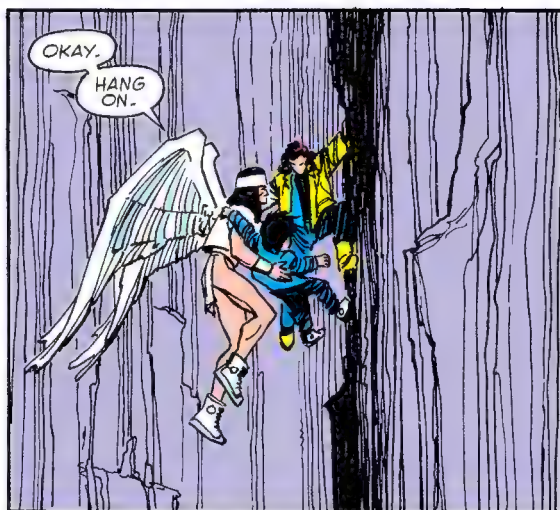
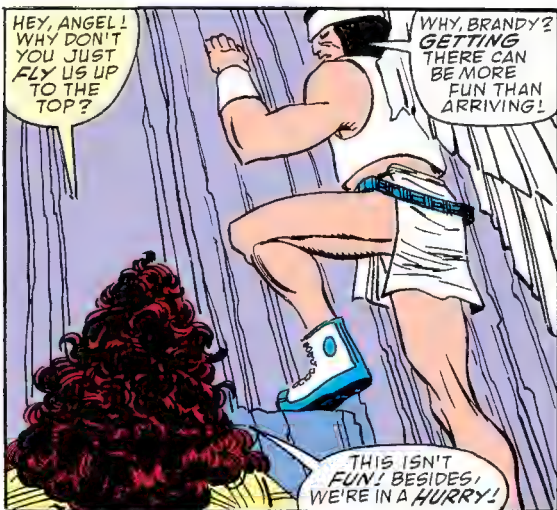
LOOK! THAT GOD
LOOKS INDIAN, LIKE
YOU, ANGEL!

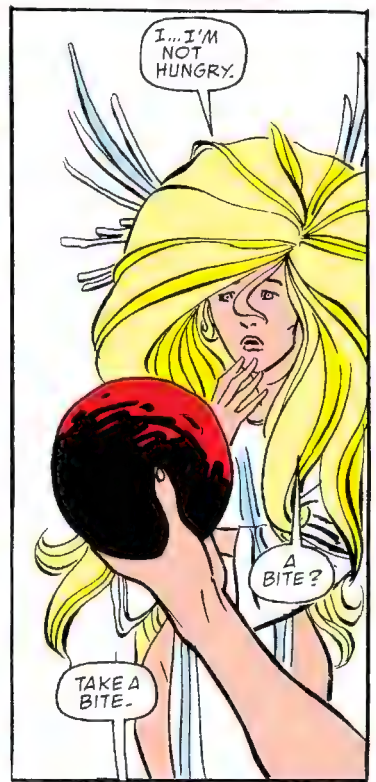
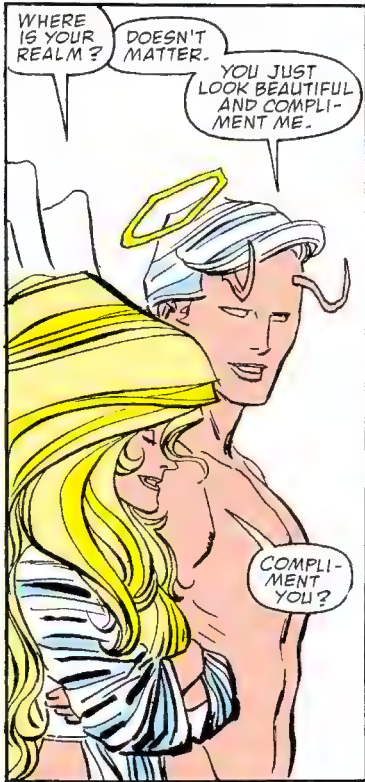
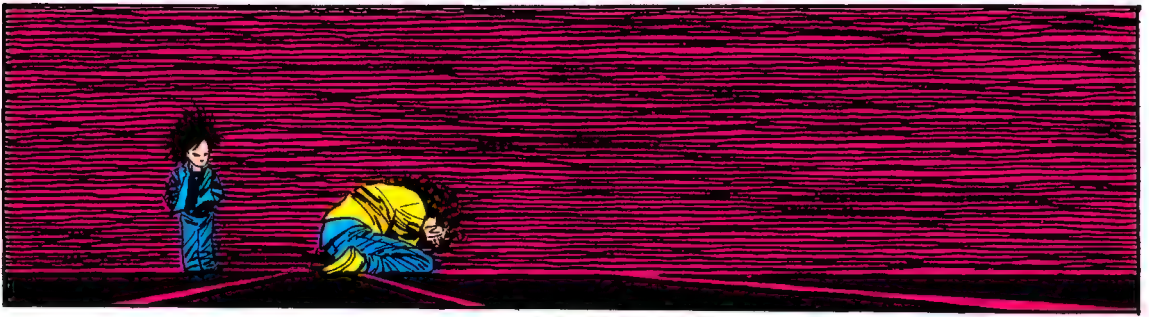
THAT'S
BLACK
ELK. A
SIOUX
HOLY MAN
AND VISION-
ARY.

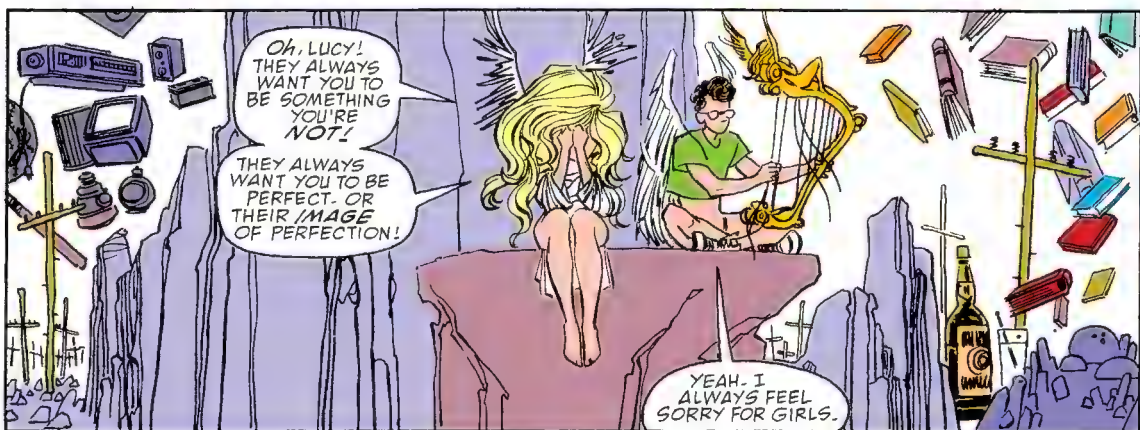
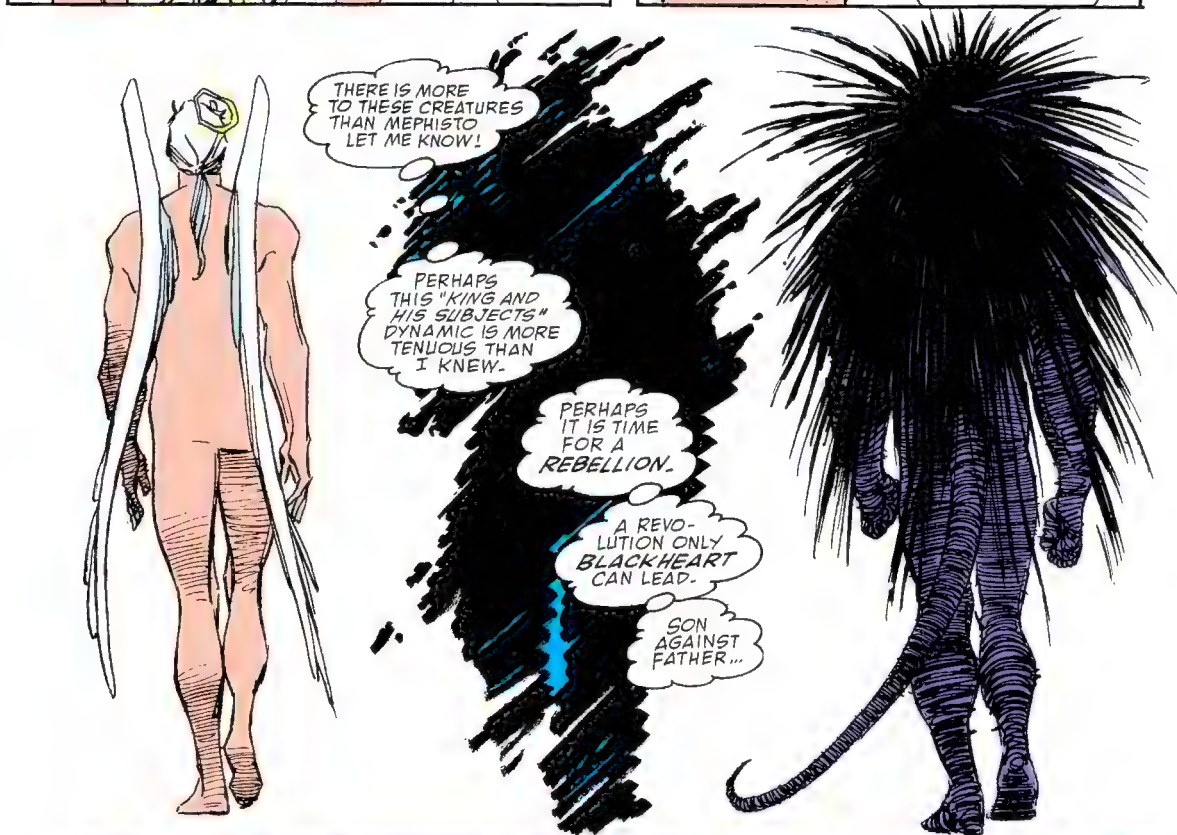
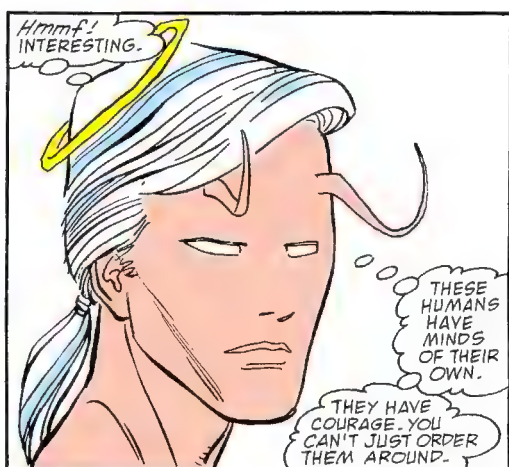
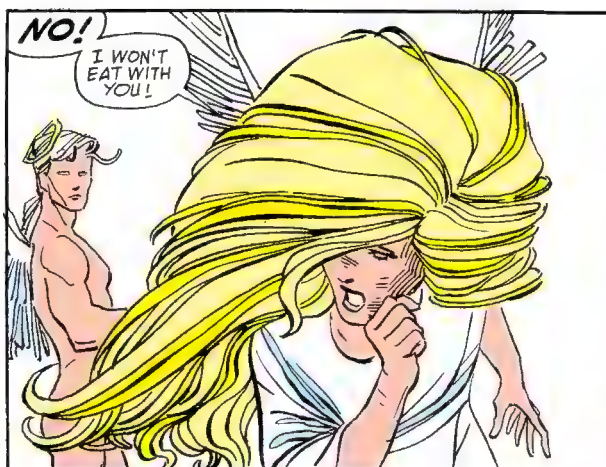
THE
BEAUTY OF
THAT STATUE
IS JUST A
GLIMMER OF
BLACK ELK'S
WISDOM.

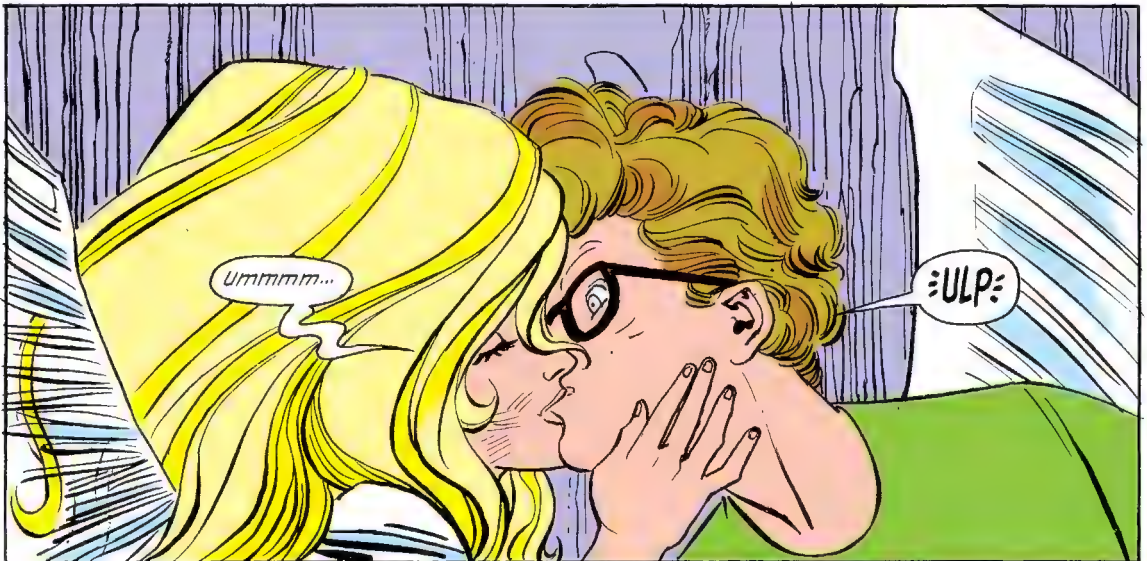
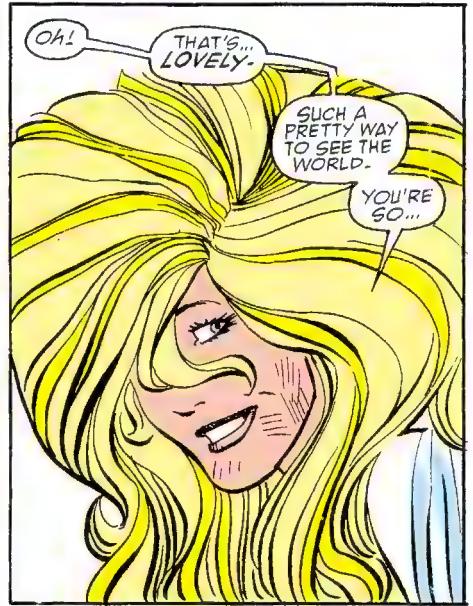
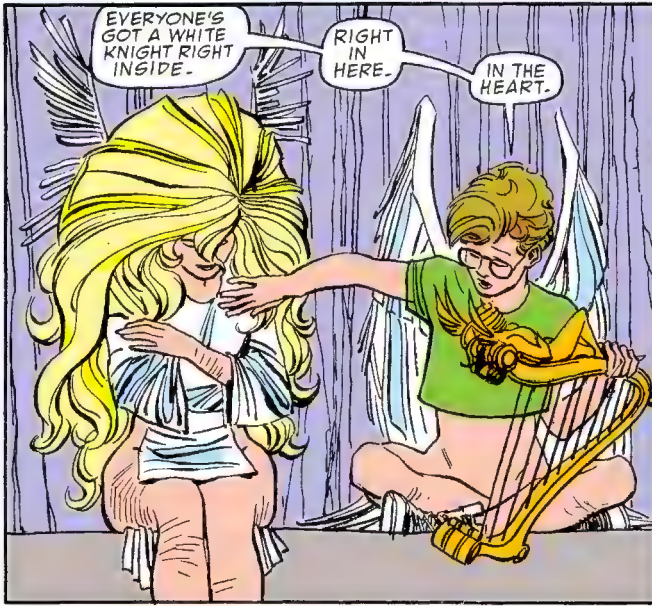
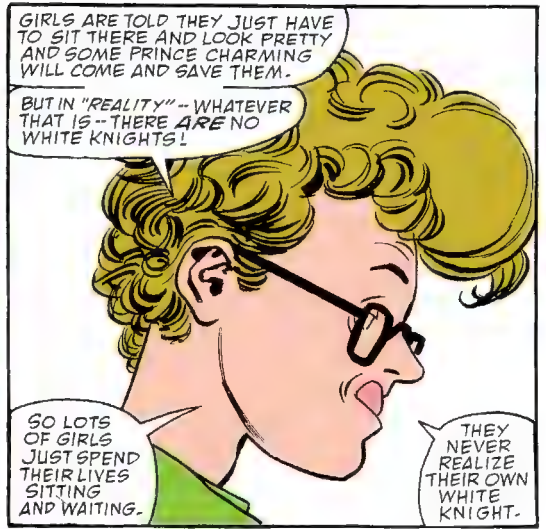
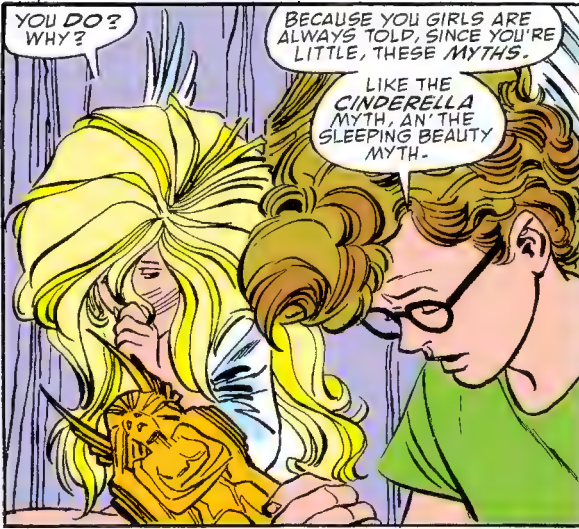
HE'S A
FRIEND. WE
CAN GO VISIT
HIM--

Eh-HEM!
EXCUSE ME,
BUT NOW'S NOT
THE TIME FOR
VISITING AND
SIGHTSEEING.









"THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS
A WHITE KNIGHT."

HE'S THE MOST
COSMIC GUY
IN THE UNIVERSE.

HE'S A FORMER
GALACTUS
HERALD.

HE COMES FROM
A RACE OF
UTOPIANS AND
HEDONISTS.

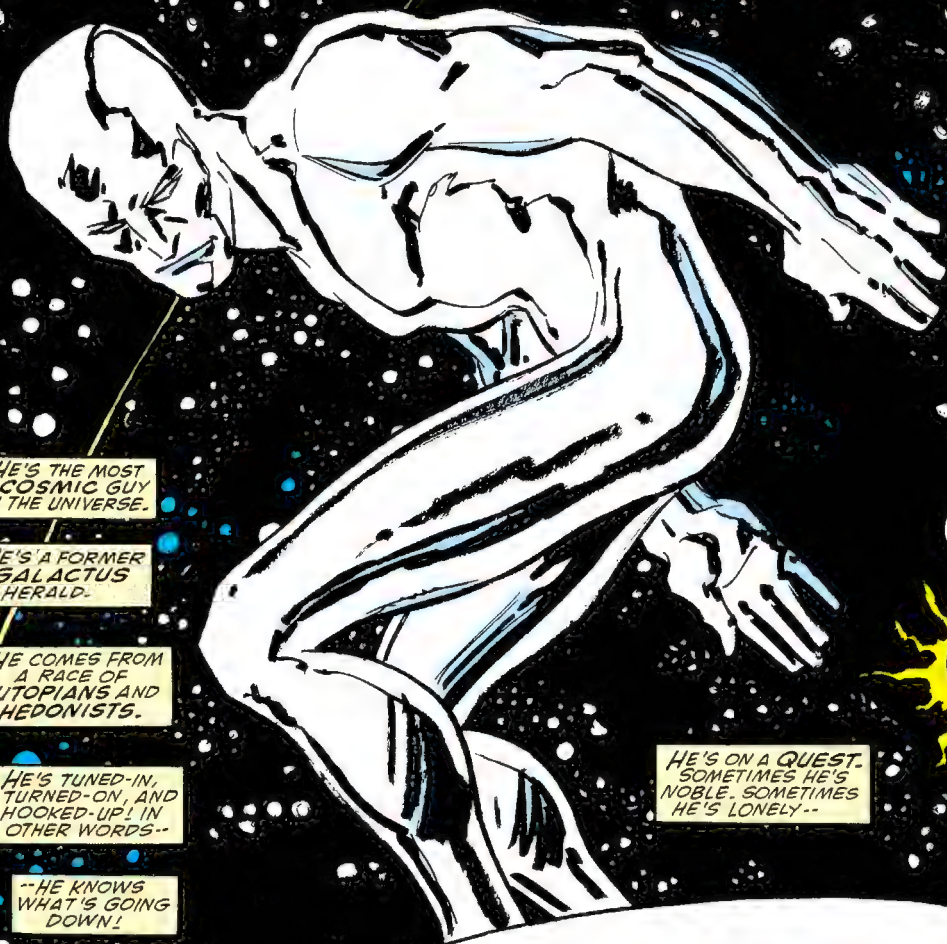
HE'S TUNED-IN,
TURNED-ON, AND
HOOKED-UP! IN
OTHER WORDS--

--HE KNOWS
WHAT'S GOING
DOWN!

HE'S ON A QUEST.
SOMETIMES HE'S
NOBLE. SOMETIMES
HE'S LONELY--

--BUT MOSTLY,
HE LOVES TO GO
SURFIN'!

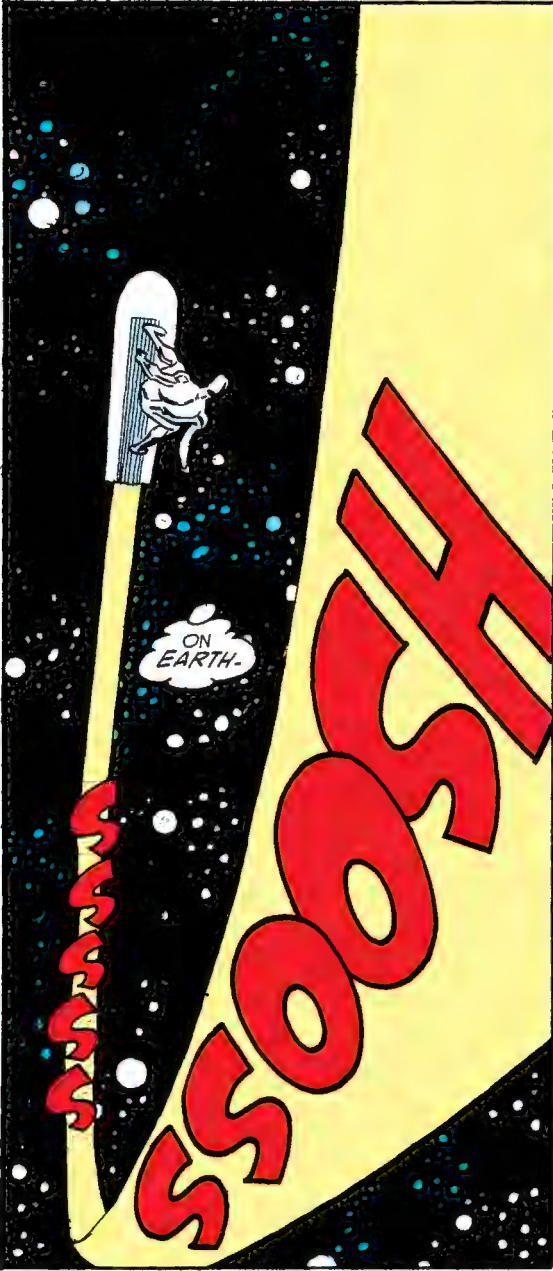
THE
SILVER
SURFER!





HIS ENHANCED PERCEPTIONS
CLUE HIM IN ON POWERFUL
ENERGY CONCENTRATIONS,
ANYWHERE IN THE COSMOS.

Hmmmm...
SOMETHING'S
HAPPENING...



ON
EARTH-



MEPHISTO!

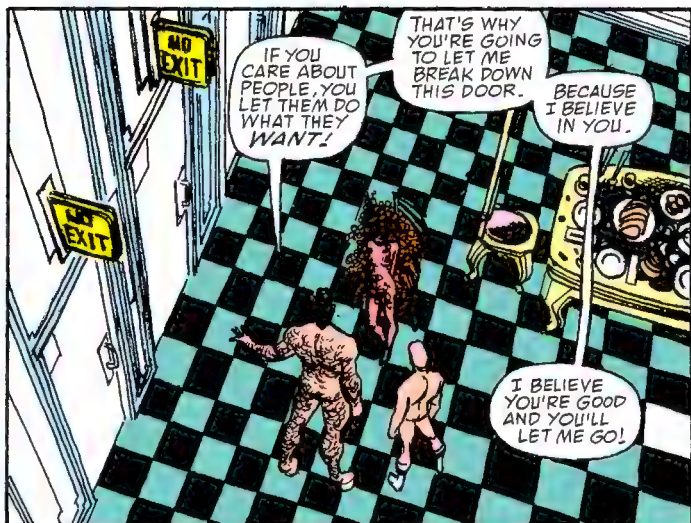
WHAT ARE
YOU UP TO
NOW?



OKAY.
YOU'RE
RIGHT.

I'M A BIT...
A TEENSY
BIT...
LONELY.

WHY DO
YOU THINK
I'VE TRAPPED
YOU HERE?



IF YOU
CARE ABOUT
PEOPLE, YOU
LET THEM DO
WHAT THEY
WANT!

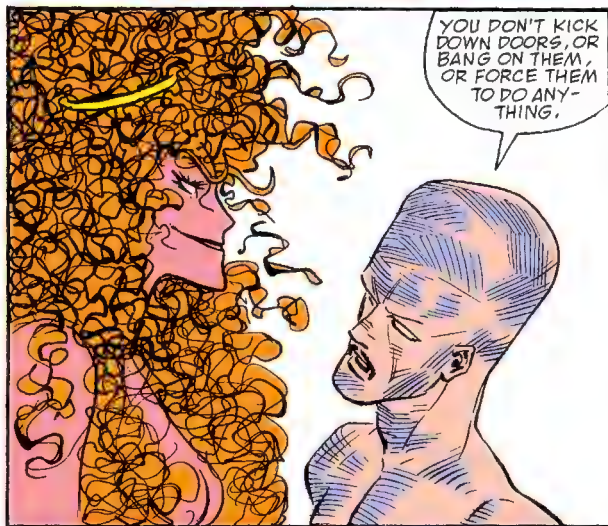
THAT'S WHY
YOU'RE GOING
TO LET ME
BREAK DOWN
THIS DOOR.

BECAUSE
I BELIEVE
IN YOU.

I BELIEVE
YOU'RE GOOD
AND YOU'LL
LET ME GO!



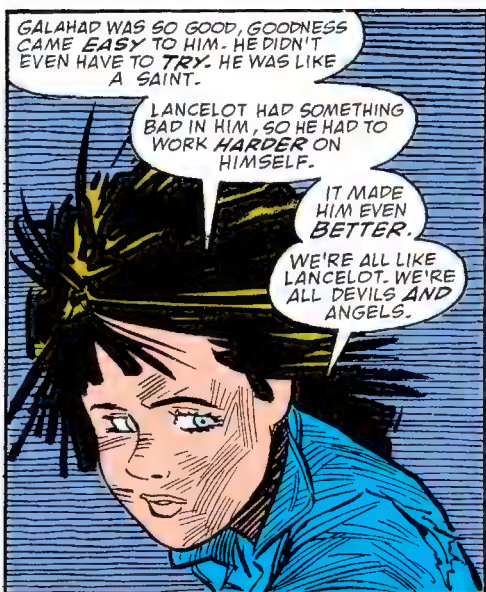
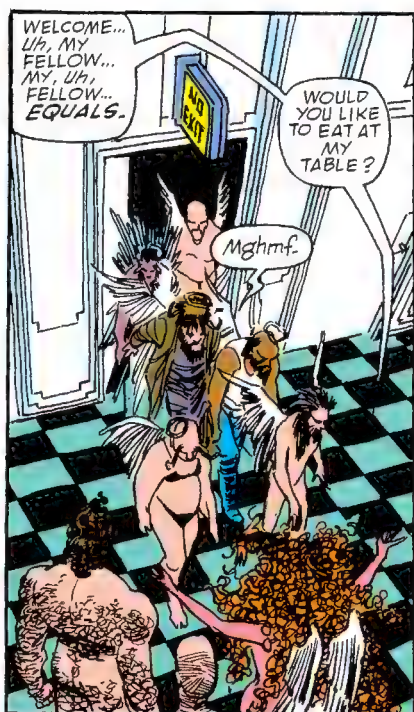
WAIT A
MINUTE. I
THINK I LEARN-
ED SOMETHING
HERE.

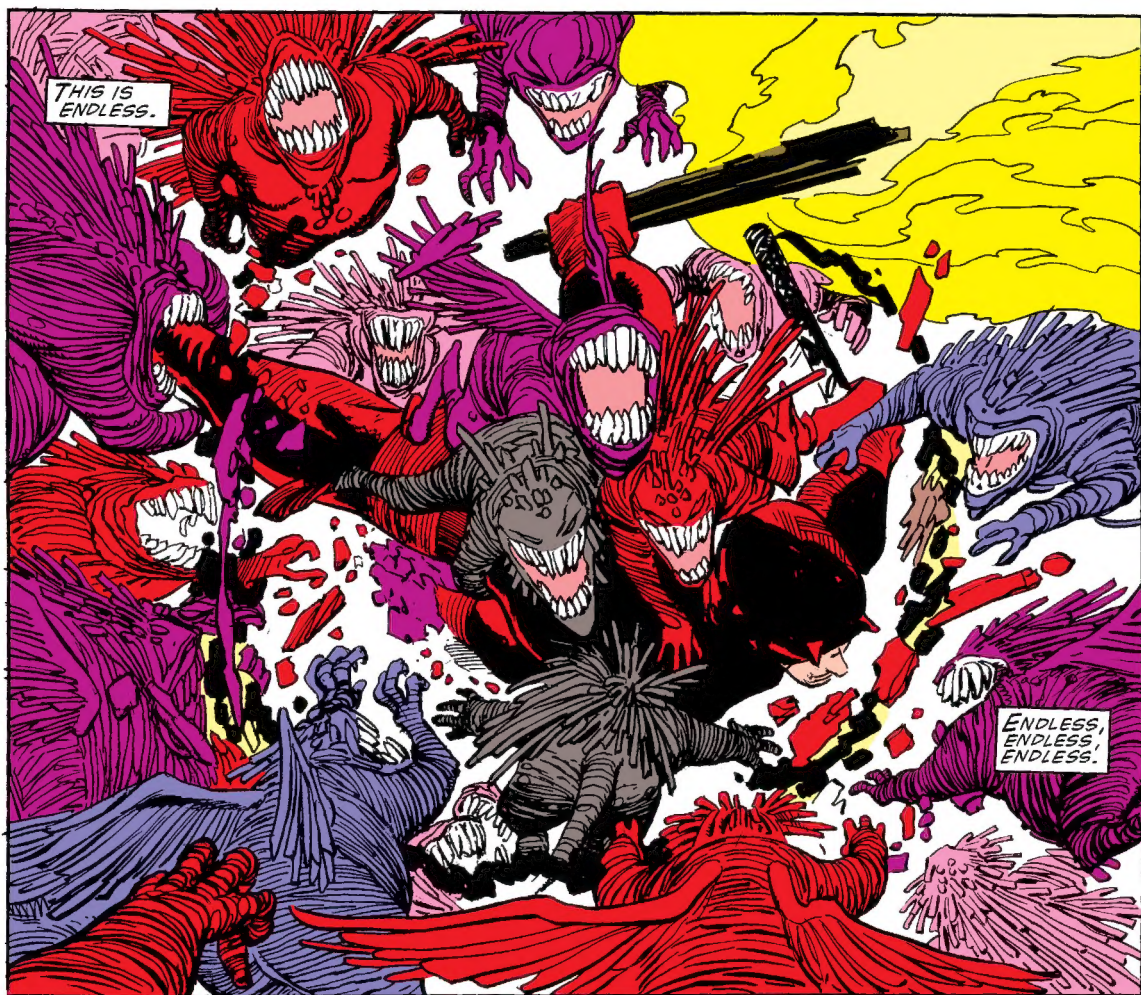


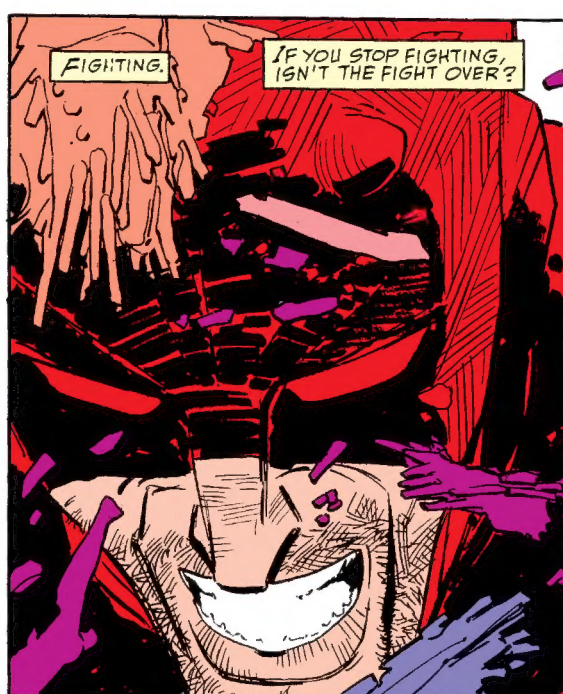
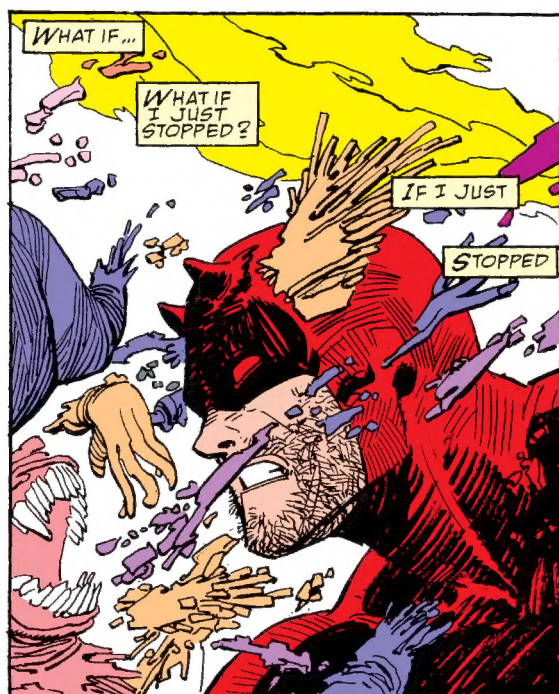
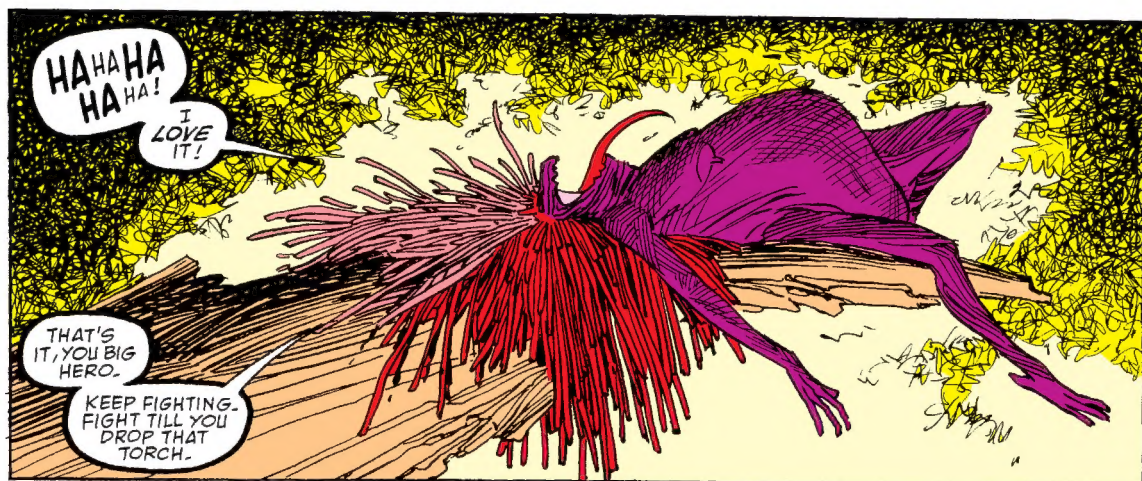
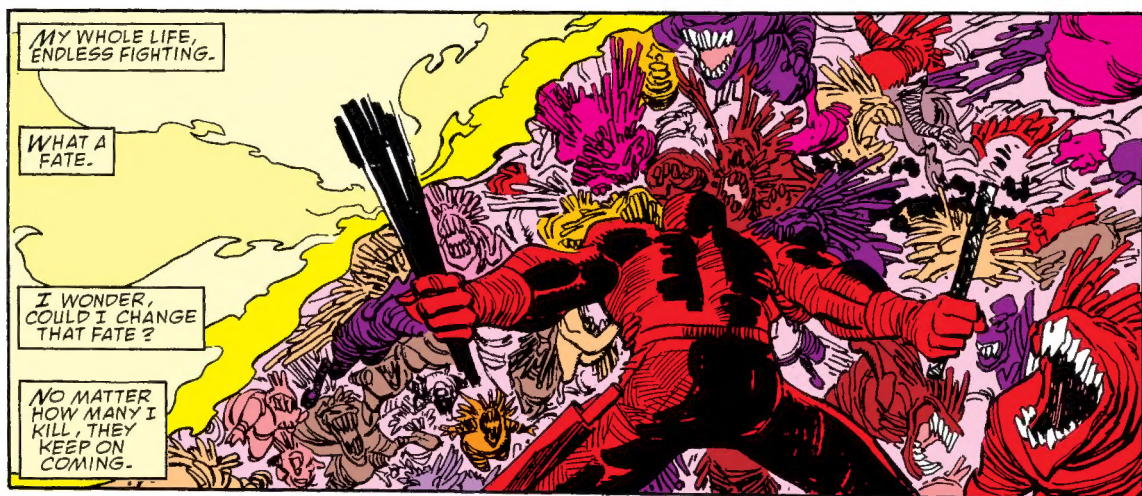
YOU DON'T KICK
DOWN DOORS, OR
BANG ON THEM,
OR FORCE THEM
TO DO ANY-
THING.

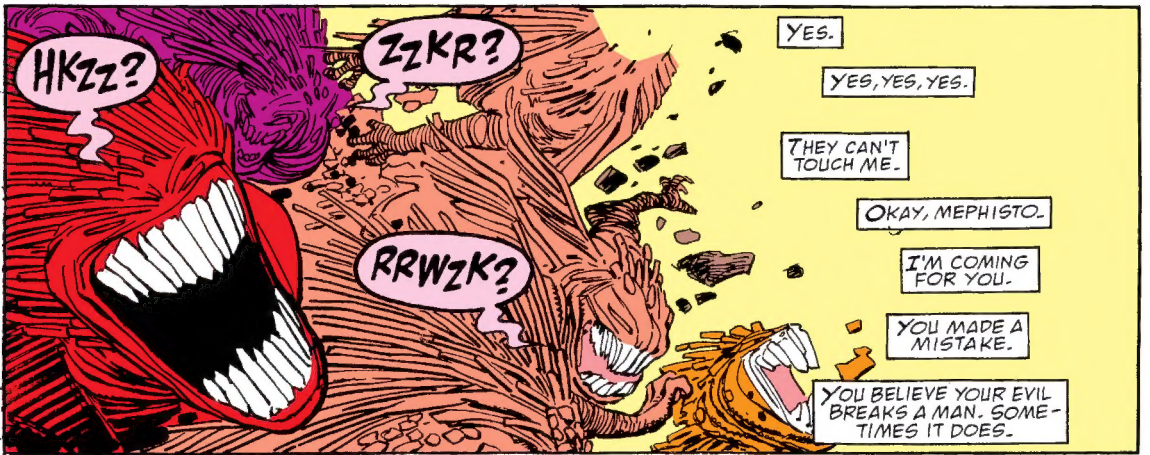


YOU TRY TO
UNDERSTAND
THEM, AND THEY
OPEN UP TO
YOU... OPEN
RIGHT UP.









BUT WHEN IT
DOESN'T BREAK
A MAN--

--IT MAKES HIM EVEN
STRONGER.

